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Puck

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.



ALWAYS APROPOS.

POLITICS and business
Weather and the crop
Everybody talks them,
Never seem to stop.
Now my dearest topic
(How my heartblood swirls!)
Is most fascinating—
"Girls."

What 's the use discussing
Subjects overwise
When you 'd rather study
Coloring of eyes?
What 's the use of thinking
How the market whirls?
This is just as dizzy—
"Girls."

Blonde, brunette, I care not,
Svelte or plump; why who
Cares if eyes be hazel
Brown or black or blue?
So the maids be pretty
And their laughter purls,
I 'm content with any—
"Girls."

When the Spring is with us,
When the Summer blooms,
When the crisp Fall follows,
When the Winter glooms,
Faces fill my fancy
As my pipe smoke curls,
They make life worth living—
"Girls."

A. B. Bruley.

THE RETORT OF THE SNEEZE.

A TURK, being in some discomfort, espied a subject of the White Czar, and hailed him.

"First let me inquire as to your rank," replied the Slav, stopping at a safe distance.

"I am in the service of the Sublime Porte, brother to the moon, the Pleiades and the comet of '84, and have the honor to be at the head of his august department of Clemency and Compassion; but just at present I am on leave of absence, having hay fever. May I ask if you have an extra pocket-handkerchief?"

"You are a race of barbarians," said the Slav.

The Turk gasped.

"You do not know the first principle of compassion, and in this connection I point with pride to the record of mine own people, the Russians!"

The Turk fetched a series of short, spasmodic inhalations, as one surprised by a cold bath.

"Mercy is our watch—"

"Kishi-neff!" sneezed the Turk.

"—word, while pity and gentleness—"

"Kishi-neff! Kishi-neff!"

Thereupon a peaceably disposed German sauntered up and pulled the Russian off.

"Kishi-neff," the Turk repeated.

"Gesundheit," said the German.

Frank Wickizer.

A PASSING FANCY.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PATIENT.—Wow! I have a hallucination that my tooth hurts like thunder!

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DENTIST.—Be patient, my dear sir. I 'll have the tooth out in a minute and the hallucination will pass away at once.

DON'T WORRY. Let women have suffrage—they 'll spend too much time dressing for the polls ever to get there.



DOUBT.

"Der fagt is I haf n't quvite made up my mind."

"No?"

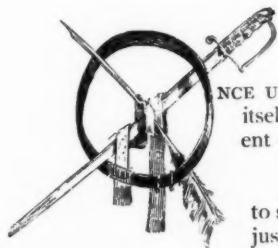
"No. Sometimes I t'ink if a man has a bald head, vot is der use of him calling attention to it by vearing a vig?"

PUCK



HEAD AND SHOULDERS.

"Now, there's a girl you never see wearing a low-cut gown."
 "Is that a sign of an old head on young shoulders?"
 "Oh, no. On the contrary."



DIFFICULTIES.

ONCE UPON a time, a certain nation resolved to arm itself by the seemingly cheap and simple expedient of having its quarrel always one-third just.

But difficulties almost at once presented.

In order to such armament, it was necessary to set up tribunals to discover precisely what was just, after argument by learned counsel.

Naturally, the expense of all this was something fierce, exceeding by many millions the cost of gunpowder and coal for search problems, etc.

Moreover, it proved awkward not to have anybody wearing uniforms on great occasions except governors' staffs, who are almost always frumps.

Accordingly, the nation presently found itself going back to

"—the good old way, the simple plan
 Of let him take who has the power
 And let him keep who can."

SLATE.

The citizen handed the coal man a ten-dollar bill.

"That means a clean slate," said the coal man, condescendingly. The citizen smiled a wan smile.

"Good! The last slate you sent up was pretty dirty," he said, with something like animation.

A SHORTER AGONY.

"But will Rapid Transit eliminate the car crush?"

"No, but it will mitigate it. In traveling a given distance, with Rapid Transit, you'll be crushed just as hard but not so long."



AFRAID OF GETTING DRY.

MR. CROAKER.—Well, Mrs. Frog! What are you doing with an umbrella? It's raining hard.

MRS. FROG.—Yes, I know, but when I started out it looked threateningly like clearing up.

There are some good people with music in their souls who have not discovered that it does not extend to their voices.

THE CULINARY DEPARTMENT.



Oh! hard it is—when one has toiled
Throughout the weary day
To plan three palatable meals
For man to put away—
To spend one's precious reading hours
Upon a printed sheet
That tells one just how one's to cook
More things for man to eat.

For, when one has to read of stews,
Of roasts and all the rest,
And gaze on pictured puddings, too,
With rage it fills the breast.
Have mercy! All ye magazines,
Let one forget, I pray,
That one has *ever* had to cook
Three tiresome meals a day!

Carroll Watson Rankin.

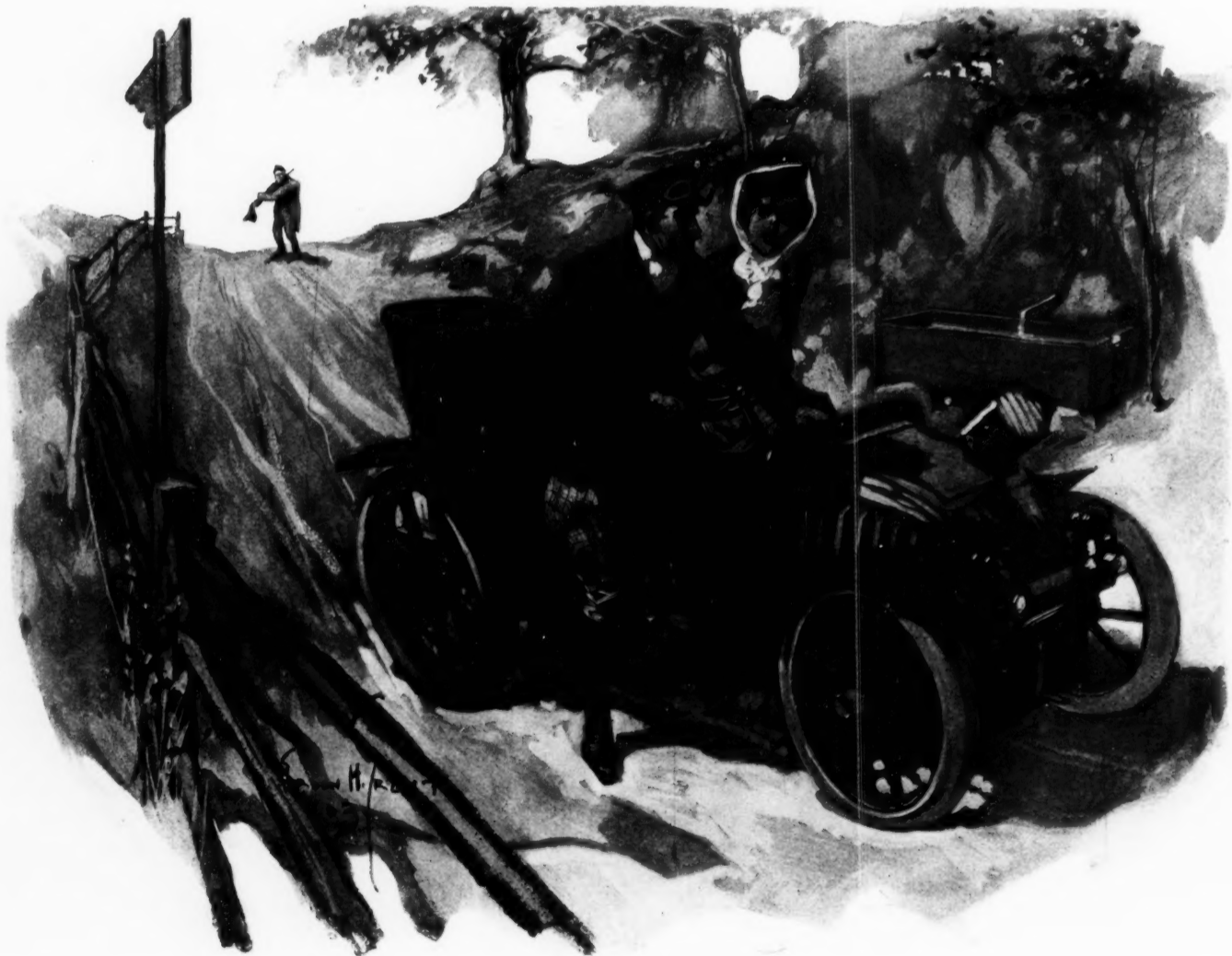
NEW ORDER.

But the germ theory changed everything.
Now the wise man builded his house on the sand.
"For," said he, "good drainage is about the main thing."
It was the fool who builded on the rock. For the fool says in
his heart, there is no bacillus.
And the storms came and went and the wise man was none the
worse, but the fool dwelt in the midst of stagnant pools, and knew
not health in the true scientific sense.



HOW IT HAPPENED.

LADY VISITOR.—Poor man, you say you were brought here
by hunger?
CONVICT.—Yes'm;—de judge would n't let de jury go ter
dinner 'till dey'd reached a verdict!



WHAT?

"Why are you stopping? You did n't run over that man."
"I know it. I just want to see what ails the steering-gear."



A MORE PROFITABLE FIELD.

"But the pirate business is not what it used to be."

"Is it not?"

"Far from it. Had I my life to live again, I would stay ashore and enter politics."

THE STORY OF A GOOD BOY.



ONCE UPON a time there was a good boy who left school, graduating with the highest honors. He had also been a constant attendant at Sunday school, where he had been taught to tread the path of virtue with unflinching step, and he had firmly made up his mind to do it. Then he went to look for a job. He found one, and went forth one Monday morning full of joy and hope. He was home again about three o'clock, not because the place closed early, but because the concern had no further use for him.

"Mama," he explained, "somebody called up the man on the telephone and he told me to say he was out. Of course, I could not think of doing such a thing and he discharged me on the spot."

Two weeks later he obtained another situation, and went forth again on the following morning. Again he returned quite early.

"My employer," he said, "was a very profane person. I spoke to him about it gently and kindly, and offered to send him some tracts. I cannot repeat the words he used, but he discharged me."

His next job lasted two days.

"I discovered," he explained on this occasion, "that their goods were frightfully misrepresented. Of course, I could not think of remaining in such a place."

To make a sad story short, he lost five jobs in two months. His father does not know just what to do about it. He cannot bring himself to advise the boy to conform to the iniquity of the times and may be the boy would n't, anyhow. The old man did think of advertising:

"WANTED—By a conscientious boy, an employer; must be of good character, correct principles and strict integrity. Address, stating all particulars, X Y Z."

But it is not likely that he will do this. The only conclusion the anxious parent has yet been able to reach is that the reason why those whom the gods love die young is that it is the only way to keep them from spoiling.

Wm. E. McKenna.

WORK.

The New Science fascinated her, until it told her that all life was, in its origin, fermentation.

"As much as to say that everybody's progenitor worked once!" she exclaimed, horrified. "How perfectly revolting!"

No, no! she would not break with Revelation. On the contrary, she would buy a pew even further forward.



NOT AN ADMIRER.

"Gee! I wish I had de money to git a coat like dat!"

"You do?"

"Yes, but dat 's de last t'ing I 'd do wit' it."

No matter how much the vogue may spread, it may be safely predicted that Experience will not open a correspondence school.

PUCK



THE REAL ATTRACTION.

THE MAN.—I should think vaudeville would be very popular among theatrical people.

THE MAID.—Why?

THE MAN.—You see, it gives all the performers a chance at the centre of the stage.

***A**n emancipated woman is a being with a woman's curiosity and a man's opportunity for gratifying it.*

PUCK



PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

RECIPROCITY, THE WEDGE.

WITH THE extra session convened, it is well to strip the Cuban question of all confusing verbiage. It is the plainest of issues. Is our pledge to Cuba to be kept or is it to be repudiated? The growth of Cuba from a half-starved fondling to a husky infant alters matters not at all. Here, the obligation is as binding as it ever was. As to the "danger" of reciprocity, which some of our monopolistic friends delight to dwell on, it is time to strip that of verbiage, too. It has been hinted in deliciously impressive fashion, both by the Protective Tariff League and by other respected authorities, that reciprocity is nothing more nor less than a species of tariff tinkering, "a betrayal," an entering wedge in the protection masonry. To such rumor-mongers, we hasten to say very frankly, that is precisely what the Cuban treaty is. Correctly have they diagnosed. No longer is it a measure of relief and charity to Cuba, but an opening measure of justice to the United States and the American consumer. Naturally, it will benefit Cuba, also, but the need of it is neither removed nor reduced because Cuba has ceased to count on it for sustenance. Further, it is well to speak plainly of a third phase of the issue; the precedent that will stand if the House confirms the treaty. In this, too, our monopolistic friends have foreseen the consequences. They suspect that reciprocity with Cuba will lead inevitably to reciprocity with other nations, and they are right. The Cuban agreement ratified, the exchange of commodities promoted and facilitated and prices eased, the public will most naturally inquire: what is this awful danger so inseparably linked with reciprocity and tariff reform? Then, we imagine, will come an embarrassing pause, for to answer at all convincingly will tax stand-patters to the limit of their ingenuity.

THE GLOVE MAKER'S PLIGHT.

EVERY MAN whose heart is rightly placed has sympathized at length with Congressman Littauer. The latter's affliction is not a sham. It is bitter reality. And made the more so by the inexorable fact that time extends no promise of balm. When it was proclaimed, definitely and authoritatively, that legal proceedings against Mr. Littauer could never be, owing to the adamant statute of limitations, the glove maker's sufferings were indescribable. First, he refused to believe. The blow had stunned him. Then, when he realized the truth of it and comprehended in full its cruel significance, he sought influential friends and begged aid of them. He sought the President. Could nothing be done? Was there no way for the government to prosecute him? No subterfuge by which the statute of limitations could be set aside and a trial ordered? With unconcealed emotion, he waited for an answer. And when that answer came—"We are truly sorry but prosecution is impossible"—the good man's grief overflowed its banks and swept all else away. It is a pitiful plight for a public man, but an occasion also for a display of back-bone. Mr. Littauer must see by this time that the law and its limitations are far too strong for one man to combat, with or without gloves, so it behooves him to turn philosopher and be content with what he has,

if what he wants, he can not get. Already a prima facie case has been made out against him. And it is a case having the unqualified endorsement of a shrewd lawyer like Secretary Root. The public, with more or less unanimity, has also endorsed it. Therefore, without more ado, let Mr. Littauer endorse it likewise and have done with this grieving. If a criminal prosecution is out of the question, a prima facie case in this instance is the next best thing. And once the Congressman accepts it as his "vindication," the incident will be closed and all reference to the past will speedily cease. This, Mr. Littauer should know, is highly desirable, there being now a tendency to talk of the man who first made sure that court proceedings were impossible and then majestically demanded them.

HYMN BOOK IMMORALITY.

NEWS HAS come from distant Kansas that some of our hymns are immoral. Not in words do they offend the pure, but in music; there being among them, so we learn, six waltzes, two two-steps and seventeen polkas—a truly ribald array. "Shall we gather at the River?" is one brazen culprit and "God be with you till we meet again," is another. These, with twenty-three more, were caught with the notes on by a vigilant Kansas theologian and torn bodily from the hymnal, lest their vicious influence spread and the spotless suffer. Six waltzes—dreamy, devilish waltzes; two two-steps—alluring, diabolical two-steps; seventeen polkas—kicky, iniquitous polkas; what fearful proof of moral depravity! It is bad enough to dance to them, but to sing them, and on Sunday,—Ah! That is damning. We shudder, in fact, as we think of the innocent Kansas children, of the children of other states, who week after week have been singing these same immoral tunes and becoming unconsciously perverts. Though they but hum them, the perversion goes on, as it is the music, remember, not the words, which is immoral. Heart-rending, is it not? And what can be said of the Kansas parents, or of parents anywhere, indeed, who hearing a waltz air trip from the chords of their offspring, fail to acquaint them with the insidious sin of it? Are they fit to guide the young? it is not possible. Parents with a sense of repentance will procure at once a metronome, set it near the family organ and permit nothing faster than *largo* in Sabbath day singing. The sanctity of the home must be preserved. This two-step "gathering by the river" has got to stop.



A SUCCESSFUL SPORTSMAN.

"No, he did n't shoot anything, but they were engaged when they came back."

"Indeed? Then he missed the game but not the opportunity."



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUEB BLDG. N.Y.

"CAPTAINS OF IN



J.S. RUGH, AFTER A WELL KNOWN PICTURE.

AINS OF INDUSTRY."



MORE DESIRABLE.

"A very useful book, Ma'am; it will show you many ways in which you can economize."

"Faith, I wish it 'd show me how to get along wit'out ayconomizin'!"

WHY MASTER HORNBLOWER WAS SPANKED.

THIS SOCIETY called the Mafia is a terrible thing, terrible!" said Mr. Hornblower, dropping the paper with which he had been intently engaged upon his front porch that peaceful Sabbath afternoon. "There 's a very interesting article upon its method in the paper, and it is simply shocking that such things can be in a civilized country. Why, my dear, a man offends some member of it, may be he does n't even know that he has, and his death is simply a matter of a short time. They never fail and never forgive. A man might better play with a live wire than risk offending in the least trifle one of them."

"But what is it?" asked Mrs. Hornblower, yawning slightly.

"It's a secret society transplanted from Sicily to this country, every member of which is bound by the most sacred oaths to avenge every other member under the most dreadful penalties if he refuses or fails," explained Mr. Hornblower, impressively. "For instance, suppose that I've insulted a member, or in some way incurred the displeasure of the society, some fine day a notice will be mysteriously conveyed to me that I am doomed to die; perhaps I'll find it pinned to my pillow when I go to bed at night; perhaps it'll fall out of my napkin when I sit down to dinner, perhaps it'll come fluttering down out of the clear sky into my hand, but however it does come, I can do nothing to avert my fate. Sooner or later I must die."

"Oh, James, I do hope that Italian organ-grinder you drove away from here yesterday, was n't one!" cried Mrs. Hornblower, shuddering. "He looked awfully cruel and wicked and angry, and

I saw him shake his fist at you when he went away."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Hornblower, reassuringly, though he looked pretty serious at the possibility.

At that instant a square of paper came fluttering slowly down, seemingly out of the clear sky. It fluttered this way, skimmed that way, stopped and slid off at right angles, every motion intently followed by the anxious eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Hornblower, until a gentle slant of wind caught it and floated it neatly over the porch railing into Mr. Hornblower's very lap.

"Merciful powers!" ejaculated that gentleman, his face growing as white as chalk as he glared terror-bound at the mysterious square of paper.

Mrs. Hornblower sprang to her husband's side, and shrieked wildly as her glance took in the rude outline of a grinning skull and cross-bones traced in lines as red as blood upon the paper, with underneath the word "DETH" in great sprawling letters.

"Wh-wh-where 's my p-p-pistol?" asked Mr. Hornblower through his chattering teeth, in a dry whisper, as he brushed the sweat from his forehead with a shaking hand.

Before his wife could reply there was a clatter of hasty footsteps in the hall at their back, and young Master Hornblower appeared in the doorway.

"Say, Pop," he demanded, "did you see anything of my pirate flag I was paintin'?" It blew out the window upstairs a minute ago." Alex. Ricketts.



HIS COMPLAINT.

THE HIPPO.—You should n't complain. You get lots of air anyway.

THE GIRAFFE.—Y-yes; b-but I have n-no place to put it.

No doubt we ought to love our work but sometimes it seems about in the same category with loving our enemies.

"THE SOOTHERIN' YANKEE GENTLEMAN."

(Larry O'Driscoll, Loquitur.)



WHEN KERRY hills were gold with gorse, and Kerry skies were blue;
When all the land was warm with light, and wet with "mountain dew;"

There came across the ocean wide, from friendly climes afar,
A sootherin' Yankee gentleman, that smoked a long cigar.
At Queenstown all the barmaids' hearts he melted in a day;
(Sure, when he spoke, the Blarney Stone blushed pink and turned away.)

Till soon in merry Dingle town, on Peter Curtin's car,
Arrived this Yankee gentleman—likewise his long cigar

'T is well, *avick*, I mind the day—'t was pig-fair in the town,
And drinks were flowing freely in the "Harp above the Crown;"
For all the dacint farmer boys, from Brandon to Tralee,
Were changing goolden sovereigns, and drinking "Ireland free!"
Fair Mistress Murphy's handmaids all were bustling here and there,
From steaming glass and foaming mug, rich odors filled the air;
When, crowned with radiant sunlight, that illumed the dusky bar,
In strolled that Yankee gentleman, behind his long cigar.

"God save all here!" he loudly cried; his smile was fair and free;
He chuckled "Herself" beneath the chin, and "*Thorun pogue*," says he;
(No boy in all the barony such divilmint would dare!
Yet when he asked her for that kiss, her face was rosy rare.)
Then 'round the room, from man to man, he swept his roving eye;
"T is thirty miles I've come," he says, "and by your leaves, I'm dry;
So join me, boys, in whatsoe'er your fav'rite liquors are."—
We joined that sootherin' gentleman that smoked the long cigar.

He raised the noggin to his lips, 't was filled with sly *poteen*,
And "Here's your lovely land," he says, "that always wears the green!
And here's your beauteous ladies!" (Here he gave "Herself" the wink.)
"And here's your glorious whiskey!" (It was then he stopped to drink.)
He owned us from that moment forth; and then began, *machree*,
A night—the like I've never seen, nor hope again to see!
We asked for friends by thousands, in the land o' stripe and star:
—He knew them all!—that gentleman that smoked the long cigar.

The sun rose o'er the Kerry hills, it shone across the bay;
But in the "Harp above the Crown" a slumbering band we lay.
The sun shone down on Dingle town—that Yankee smiled to see;
Then lit another long cigar and started for Tralee.

But still I think, *avick machree*, when summer gilds the glen,
That pleasant-spoken wanderer will maybe come again;
And still we toast with cup and can, in Mistress Murphy's bar,
The sootherin' Yankee gentleman that smoked the long cigar.

Gerald Brennan.

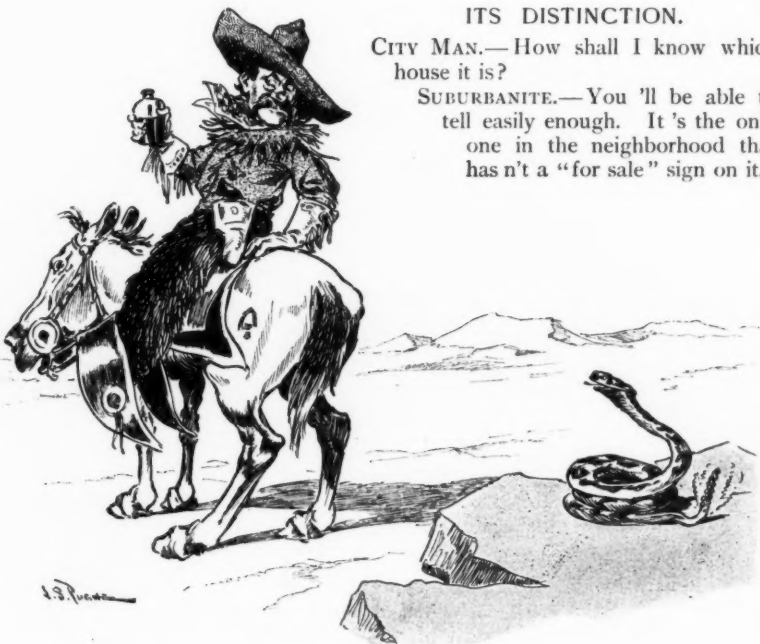
A QUARREL.

Woman and Time, always bad friends, came finally to words.
"You are unwomanly," cried Time.
"And you," retorted Woman, "are untimely."
Here mutual friends intervened.

ITS DISTINCTION.

CITY MAN.—How shall I know which house it is?

SUBURBANITE.—You'll be able to tell easily enough. It's the only one in the neighborhood that has n't a "for sale" sign on it.



FULLY PREPARED.

"Ain't a bit afraid of you, old feller! S'posin' you did bite me I've got the antidote right here!"



SURE OF HER TASTE.

"You say your daughter is fond of music?"
"I should say so," answered Mr. Cumrox. "When Gwendolyn makes up her mind to play the piano nothing can stop her. And she seems to like it, no matter how bad it sounds."—*Washington Star*.

NO CRUELTY.

TRAVELER.—Yes, I was captured by the savages, and sentenced to marry a squaw.

HOSTESS.—Horrible!

TRAVELER.—Yes; but they had some mercy. They did not insist on a fashionable wedding.—*New York Weekly*.

SUSPICIOUS.

"I think it's about time for a committee to examine his accounts," said the first plain citizen, referring to a City Hall official.

"Why so?" inquired the other.

"I notice people are beginning to call him 'Honest John.'"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"NEBBER TRY to comfort a man wif de toothache," said Uncle Eben. "Let him go ahead an' hab de satisfaction of thinkin' dat he's got de intire toothache record beat."—*Washington Star*.



"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom in Greater New York.
5th Ave., cor. 23d St.

A SUBJECT FOR CLEMENCY.

"You admit stealing the hog?" asked the justice.

"Yes, suh," replied the prisoner, "but de sheriff kitched me 'fo' I'd half eat it up!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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Ale

Per dozen pints.....\$1.50

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Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

GETTING IN TIME FOR IT.

"Marse Tom," said the old family servant, "you lookin' lots better dese days."

"Think so?"

"Yes, suh. You mus' be soberin' up ter start fresh Chris'mus!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A SORDID MEASUREMENT.

"Don't you think that the ideals of statesmanship are higher now than they used to be?"

"Sure they are," answered Senator Sorghum. "I've known the time when five hundred dollars was considered big money. Now you can't get a man that amounts to anything to look at less than ten thousand."—*Washington Star*.

Club Cocktails



The art of cocktail mixing is to so blend the ingredients that no one is evident, but the delicate flavor of each is apparent. Is this the sort of cocktail the man gives you who does it by guesswork? There's never a mistake in a CLUB COCKTAIL. It smells good, tastes good, is good—always. Just strain through cracked ice. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON



HOW SHE ACQUIRED THE TITLE.

"She was billed as the queen of comic opera."

"Why, so she is. She was crowned by her press agent."

BARGAIN DAY.

"But—how can you sell this land so cheap," said the investor, "when you say there's a gold mine on it?"

"My dear sir," replied the agent, "it's a way we have down here;—a gold mine goes with each purchase every Wednesday and Friday."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A GREAT DRAWBACK.

BENEDICK.—A man naturally requires a helpmate. I tell you the young man in business who is not married is seriously handicapped.

SHARPE.—Quite so! He is at the mercy of his creditors, being unable to put his property in his wife's name.—*Philadelphia Press*.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

"What would happen to-day," said the thoughtful citizen, "if Diogenes were to go through one of our great cities with a lantern looking for an honest man?"

"That's easy," answered the Chicago man. "Some one would steal his lantern before he had gone three blocks."—*Washington Star*.

Fortify yourself against sickness by keeping the stomach in good shape with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

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14,983 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. This was 4,602 more than were appointed any previous year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Hundreds of those whom we prepare By Mail for the examinations are annually appointed. Full information about all government positions free. Write for our Civil Service Catalogue No. Nine, containing dates of examinations and questions used by the government.

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FOSCARINA



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2 oz. bottle, \$3.25
(SOLD EVERYWHERE)
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"Standard of Highest Merit"
FISCHER
PIANOS.
"The embodiment of tone and art."
166 FIFTH AVENUE,
Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.



SEEING THINGS.

THE LION (in his cups).—That bartender's drunker 'n a biled owl, sure 's shootin'! I just gave him a nickel fr this beer, and the cash register shows three nickels rung up!

COUNTRY COURT IN BILLVILLE.
"Are you a witness in this case?"
"Go 'long, Jedge,—you knows I is!"
"Did you see the prisoner steal the hog?"
"My, my, Jedge—don't you know I seen him?"
"Well, what time was it?"
"Jedge, you knows ez well ez I does, dat hit wuz watermillion time!"
"But—what time was it by the clock?"
"Lawd he'p you, Jedge!—how could dey be a clock in de middle er a watermillion patch, half a mile fum a house what never had a clock in it sence de day de fust shingle wus nailed on? How some er you white folks ever gits ter be Jedge is mo' dan I kin onderstan'!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A RESTRAINING INFLUENCE.
"Would n't you apply for a divorce if you were the husband of a woman who thought more of notoriety than she did of her home?" asked the discouraged looking man.
"No," answered Mr. Meekton. "I might be tempted to; but I don't believe Henrietta would permit it."—*Washington Star.*

AS A MATTER OF FORM.
MOTHER.—If you had n't encouraged the young man he would n't have kissed you.
DAUGHTER.—O! Mother, I told him to go away.
MOTHER.—You did?
DAUGHTER.—Yes. I said, "now, you go 'way" every time.—*Philadelphia Press.*

FOOLS AND ANGELS.
In the day of the germ theory, fools rush in and kiss one another where angels stand off and shake hands with rubber gloves.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN A boy stops going around to the back door on his neighborhood visits, and goes to the front door, he also stops going so often, and does n't have as good a time.—*Atchison Globe.*

It is easy to claim "pure beer," but one must double the cost to make it.

Schlitz is actually pure.

We go 1400 feet down for water.

We spend fortunes on cleanliness.

We not only filter the beer, but filter all the air that touches it.

We age the beer for months, so it cannot cause biliousness. We Pasteurize every bottle after it is sealed.

For fifty years we have insisted on purity, and now all the world knows it. The result is a sale exceeding a million barrels annually.

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"On Every Tongue."

Its efficacy as a stimulant; its virtue as a beverage; its unsurpassed general excellence have made it famous alike at home and abroad. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

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HIS FATE.

"You're not going to bar me out, are you?" the newly-arrived spirit pleaded.

"Oh, no," replied St. Peter. "You're the street railway magnate, are n't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, just hang on to one of those straps over there for eternity or so."—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE.

FIRST BALLET GIRL.—The premiere is in love with that dark man in the second row.

SECOND BALLET GIRL.—No!

FIRST BALLET GIRL.—Yes, head over ears. He's the only man she won't allow to call on her when she's dressed for the stage.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SLIGHTLY RATTLED.

"I want a Turkish bath," said the man.

"Yes, sir; what size?" absent-mindedly asked the clerk, who had been employed formerly by a haberdasher.

"What?" snorted the man. "I said I wanted a Turkish bath."

"O!—er—yes, sir. Shall I send it home, or will you take it with you?"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

HIS THEORY VINDICATED.

"Nature," said the traveler who was admiring the view, "is allus superior to art."

"Dat 's what I says," rejoined Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I nebber could see de use of tryin' to build flyin' machines when you kin raise chickens."—*Washington Star.*

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WAIT, FATHER TIME.

Wait, Father Time, please wait awhile,
There is so much to do.
I've hurried after, mile on mile,
But can't keep up with you.
Before my morning tasks were done
You'd traveled on to noon;
Now when I'd play—there sinks the sun!
You've reached the night too soon.
—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

ISABEL.—Were n't you congenial?
ARABELLA.—Not at all; he made me jealous and I could n't make him jealous.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NOT MOVING.

"Well," said Mr. Polk, for the fourth or fifth time, "I must be going."
"What a queer delusion," replied Miss Bord; "you're really quite stationary."—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE power of man can hang no weight on the pendulum of time.—*Ram's Horn.*

IF IT'S
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Top
Rye**
IT'S RIGHT



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
A. SANTARELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, FLA.
Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

OMISSION.

Wherewithal to live at ease,
He was at such great pains to earn
That how to live at ease, alas!
He quite forgot to learn.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

DELIBERATION.

"Do you mean to tell me that you would deliberately buy votes?"
"Of course," answered Senator Sorghum. "That's the only way to buy them. The man who buys votes impulsively is almost sure to get the worst of the bargain."—*Washington Star.*



UNNECESSARY.

"Sure, Oi always vote the sthraight ticket an' Tammany niver did anny-thing for me."
"And why shud they whin' yez 'll always vote the ticket whether they do or not?"

A troubled feeling and the blues can generally be traced to indigestion. Chase it away with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

Bear in mind that the Champagne you want is Cook's Imperial Extra Dry. Made in America, better than foreign makes.



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T. J. ANDERSON, G. P. A., Houston, Texas

LITERARY APPRECIATION.

"Are you fond of poetry?" asked the young man with curly hair.
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "poetry has done a great deal to make life easier. It gives people an opportunity to use quotations instead of being original and tiresome."—*Washington Star.*



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A SHRINKING DISPOSITION.

"Don't you think you should do something to add to your fame?"
"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "The more famous a man becomes, the more curious people get as to how he acquires his money."—*Washington Star.*

"Do ALL roses have thorns, Pop?"
"Yes, my son."
"I can't feel any on those roses on Ma's hat."
"You would if you had to pay for the hat."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

FOR ROASTS



McILHENNY'S Tabasco Sauce

The Perfect Seasoning for SOUPS, SALADS, OYSTERS, CLAMS, FISH, SAUCES, ROASTS, GRAVIES, etc.

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THE farther an old veteran gets away from the war the longer his title becomes.—*Washington Democrat.*

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Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetiser and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

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HIS FINAL OCCUPATION.

"Sheriff leveled on all his cotton?"
"Dat 's what."
"Took all his hogs?"
"Ever' one!"
"En de ole mule?"
"He gone, too!"
"Well, what 's de ole man doin' now?"
"Des sittin' roun'—waitin' on de Lawd en de lynchin' committee!" — *Atlanta Constitution.*

HER WISE PAPA.

SHE.—Papa says that when coming to see me you must not come in a street car any more.
HE.—Really! Does he expect me to walk all this distance?
SHE.—Of course not. He says all he asks is that you will come in a carriage, hired by the hour.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"De world may owe you a livin'," said Uncle Eben, "but you 's got to push de claim, case de world ain't sittin' up nights worryin' 'bout its debts." — *Washington Star.*



APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

"Gee! That feller 's got a swell outfit!"
"Yes; but for all that he might be a good shot."

Sherry and Angostura Before Meals

Means a good appetite and a healthful digestion. Get Dr. Siegert's, the genuine, imported.

WHY HE GROWLED.

"Jones is growlin' at the world again!"
"Why,—I thought he was doin' well."
"So he is;—come on him too unsuspected." — *Atlanta Constitution.*

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED.

DICK.—What made you drop out of society?
JERRY.—We did n't drop out; it slid from under us.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HER IMPRESSION.

"Does your daughter play Mozart?" inquired the young man with gold glasses.
"I think she does," answered Mrs. Cumrox, affably. "But I think she prefers bridge whist." — *Wash. Star.*

In declaring that love is a disease, that woman's club in New York might have added that it rarely attacks the extreme upper classes. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The Advance Agent of Christmas **THE CHRISTMAS PUCK**

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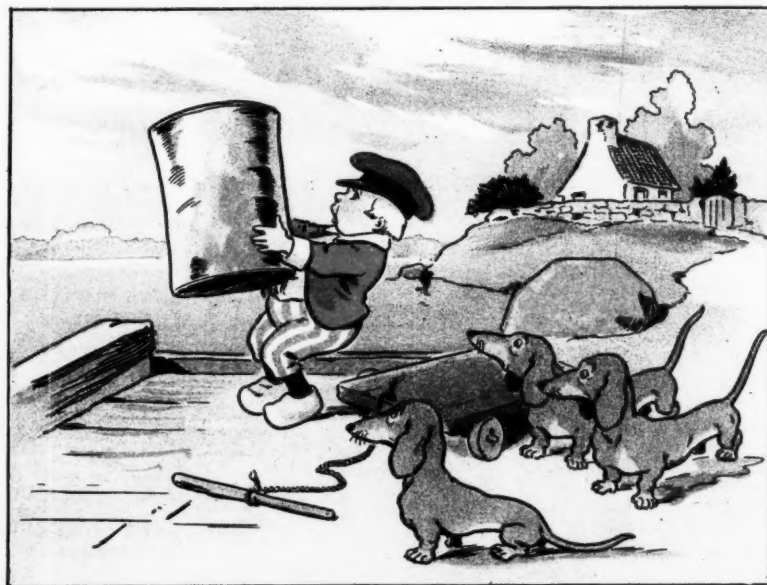
I.
Quoth Dackel: "While it 's wrong to shirk,
There's such a thing as too much work."



II.
"And having had enough to do,
I 'll now remove myself from view."



III.
"Rest and a ride! Upon my word,
Of luck like this I never heard!"



IV.
Said sturdy Hans: "It seems to me
This can 's alive. Well, we shall see."



V.
"Aha! 'T is as I thought!" he cried;
"You choose choice pals, sir, when you ride."



VI.
"But come. Don't linger, we implore.
All floating rubbish drifts ashore."

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 13.